

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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### Review of New Books.

*An Historical and Picturesque Tour of the Seine, from Paris to the Sea.* Illustrated and embellished by twenty-four highly finished and coloured Engravings, from Drawings made by Messrs. Pugin and Gendall. Parts I. and II. Elephant 4to. London, 1821.

THIS work, in plan and arrangement, is similar to the *Tour of the Rhine*, noticed in No. 83 of the *Literary Chronicle*, and to which it is intended as a companion. Only two of the six parts, in which it is intended to be comprized, are published, and these are so favourable a specimen of the work, as to induce us to recommend it at once, without waiting for its completion. The engravings, of which there are four in each number, present interesting views, well executed; and the work is got up in that elegant style which usually distinguishes the productions of its tasteful publisher, Mr. Ackerman.

As the *Tour* commences at Paris, the first portion of the letter press is devoted to a notice of that capital, and occupies the two parts already published. Without entering into an account of the public edifices, which are here minutely described, we shall quote the general notice of the French metropolis:—

‘The origin of Paris is lost in the obscurity of ages; for, if we may believe Eusebius and some other historians, its foundation was anterior even to the building of Rome. The opinions of the learned differ also in regard to its extent in the early periods of its history; some asserting, that till the reign of Philip Augustus it was but a small town confined to the island in the Seine, now known by the appellation of *la Cité*. Others, on the contrary, declare that, immediately after the conquest of Gaul, Paris became, under the emperors, a large and flourishing city; and, in support of this opinion, they adduce the inscription of the *Nautæ Parisiaci* of the time of Tiberius, the monuments dug up in the cathedral, the aqueducts found at a distance from the ancient town, the beautiful head of Cybele discovered in researches made near the church

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of St. Eustache, and, lastly, the ruins of the palace of the emperors, which are still to be seen in the *rue de la Harpe*, and which are, consequently, far from the spot to which Paris is said to have been limited. Add to these evidences, that all historians concur in stating, that on the death of St. Genevieve, in 509, her body was interred out of the city to the south; over her tomb was built a small chapel, instead of which Clovis erected a spacious church, which, though dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, was never known, from the earliest period after its foundation, by any other name than the church of St. Genevieve. This structure, and the palace of the emperors, could scarcely be the only buildings situated out of the town; so that, long before the reign of Philip Augustus, there must have been houses beyond the limits of the present *Cité*.

‘These contending opinions may, I think, be reconciled, if we recollect that, in the ninth century, Paris was besieged by the Normans, who could not make themselves masters of the City, properly so called, but who destroyed all the exterior buildings, and reduced the capital to the above-mentioned island, which resisted all their attacks.

‘From the time of Clovis, that is to say, ever since the year 482, Paris has been, invariably, the principal seat of the monarchy. Notwithstanding the successive partitions of the kingdom among the children of the sovereigns of the first dynasty, it was frequently agreed that this city should be possessed by them in common. The Kings of Burgundy, Austrasia, and Soissons, set the example of this species of contract. When the possessions of Caribert, King of Paris, had devolved to them, they agreed that none of the three should enter the place without the consent of the other two, lest, on that ground, he should claim to be considered as the only king of the Franks. Such was, at all times, the importance of Paris, that on the accession of Hugh Capet to the throne, the possession of the metropolis contributed not a little to the success of his projects. Recent events also, in 1814 and 1815, prove that the crown of France is inseparable from Paris.

‘If the most laborious researches furnish but vague notions respecting the period at which Paris was founded, we are left in equal uncertainty respecting the origin of the names of *Lutetia* and *Paris*. Some etymologists derive the former from *Lucius*, King of the Gauls, who is said to have given the name of *Lutetia*, or *Luco-*

*tecia*, to this little city, encompassed by the two branches of the Seine.

‘Others deduce the appellation of *Lutetia* from *lutum*, which signifies mud, dirt, because the site was very marshy, especially near the bridge of *Notre Dame*. Ptolemy tells us, that it was called *Lucotecia*, that is, white—probably from its situation, being surrounded by quarries of stone and gypsum. These verses of John Lascaris may allude to the same circumstance:—

“Nativo Lucoteciam candore corruscam  
Dixere, ex etymo Gallica terra tuo.”

John Baptist Mantuanus writes, that the Parrhasians, whom Hercules led from a corner of Arcadia, came to France, where they settled, and gave to the nation the name of Parisians, instead of Parrhasians. Lastly, some are of opinion, that Paris is compounded of *Pura* and *Isis*, that is, near the temple of Isis, which is supposed to have stood on the spot now occupied by *St. Germain des Prés*.

‘Nature herself marked out the place where this capital is built for the site of a mighty city. Paris is situated in 48° 56' 10" north latitude, and 2° 20' east longitude from Greenwich. On the north, it is sheltered from severe cold by an uninterrupted chain of hills, extending from the *Faubourg St. Antoine* to the *Faubourg du Roule*. The climate is healthy and temperate: the heat rises but rarely to twenty-four degrees, and the mean term of cold is about seven degrees. Twenty-eight roads conduct to the city, which is entered by sixty barriers, and is seven leagues in circumference. Its population exceeds seven hundred thousand souls; it contains thirty thousand houses, and eleven hundred streets. Its revenues are computed at about twenty-five millions of francs.

‘On calculating the quantity of commodities consumed in Paris in the course of a year, and setting them down at their medium price, we shall obtain an amount which, divided by the number of the inhabitants, shews that the average expenditure of each exceeds six hundred francs per annum. This sum will appear very small to those who have not studied political economy: it proves, nevertheless, that there is scarcely a capital in Europe, where the lower classes of the inhabitants can command more comforts than those of Paris.\*

\* This may be the fact, but the circumstance of each individual, on an average, expending 25l. per annum, does not prove it.—REV.



‘Were it consistent with the plan of this work to give a complete history of the French capital, I should here introduce an epitome of the opinions of different historians respecting the antiquity of this celebrated city; I should describe its successive embellishments, and the revolutions which it has undergone: but I must not forget that I am restricted to an account of the edifices which border the banks of the Seine, at Paris, and of the scenery which embellishes that river in its course to the sea. Having, therefore, exhibited in this concise introduction a general view of the present state of the capital, I proceed to my subject, and beg the reader’s pardon for entering on it so abruptly.

La Seine et l’Aurore descendent  
Vers la Reine de nos Cités  
Leur ondes, leur rayons s’étendent  
Entre des palais enchantés :  
Un double fleuve la partage ;  
Le Louvre y baigne son image  
Peinte dans ce vaste miroir ;  
Plus loin le Pavillon de Flore  
Verra le soleil qui le dore  
Rougir les nuages du soir.

‘The Seine intersects Paris longitudinally from east to west. This river, which abounds in fish, and rises in the forest of St. Seine, in Burgundy, affords a ready and not expensive medium for the conveyance of supplies of all kinds to this immense city. That advantage, together with the fertility of the surrounding country, tends to keep the necessaries of life at a low price. The Seine is navigable at almost every period of the year: its breadth in front of the King’s Garden is four hundred French feet, nine hundred at the Pont Neuf, and four hundred and twenty at Chaillot, below Paris.

‘The principal cities of Europe are all distinguished by peculiar edifices or beauties, between which it is frequently difficult to institute a comparison, so that we are at a loss which to prefer. In this respect, Paris is so richly endowed as to fear no competition. There is one species of embellishment which is not to be found except in the capital of France. I mean those magnificent quays, which, extending nearly two leagues in length, hold the Seine captive for its own ornament from the *Pont du Jardin du Roi* to the *Pont de l’Ecole Militaire*. Broad pavements allow pedestrians to walk there without fear, and to enjoy the enchanting spectacle of the beautiful river, and the palaces reflected in its current. This magnificent decoration alone would confer high distinction on Paris.’

Every one who has visited Paris, and attended to the political economy by which its affairs are regulated, has admired the arrangements by which the price of provisions is kept within proper limits. This is effected by various means; such as the strict attention to the markets, and the allowance made to the city by the government, but

principally by the public granaries, which, by treasuring up in plentiful seasons, affords an abundance for time of want, and prevents those miseries which too often occur in countries where a similar plan is not adopted. With a description of the *Greniers de Reserve*, in Paris, we conclude our notice of this elegant work:—

‘The denomination of *Greniers de Reserve* sufficiently denotes the object of this public granary. The administration, providing with laudable attention for the wants of this immense metropolis, was deeply impressed with the utility of a magazine for the reception of corn collected in plentiful years, as a store against those of scarcity. This plan is the more beneficial, inasmuch as it tends to keep corn at a reasonable price, in case a too productive year should, by reducing its natural value, deprive the husbandman of the just reward of his labour: when, on the contrary, the soil or unfavourable seasons deny to the farmer a suitable return for his toil, and, owing to a scanty crop, the price of the first necessary of life rises too high, then it is that the wisdom of such an establishment is more particularly demonstrated.

‘The real treasures amassed in the public granary will always enable the administration to keep bread at a moderate price, and the people will wait with patience till the bounty of heaven grants a more abundant harvest. It is by such institutions, founded for the general advantage, that a government ensures the happiness and tranquillity of a kingdom.

‘The first stone of this granary was laid in 1807, but the work was not prosecuted with activity till the following year. The edifice is one thousand and fifty-eight feet in length, and sixty-three feet in breadth. It consists of five projecting and four receding parts. According to the original plan, it was to have consisted of a vaulted basement and five stories, exclusively of the lofts. Under the whole of the building there are cellars for the reception of fine wines. Below these, were constructed four aqueducts, because it was at first designed that this vast edifice should contain flour-mills, with wheels for raising the sacks to the different floors; and it was intended that the water of the canal of Ourcq, after working them, should be discharged into the basin of la Garre.

‘The works were interrupted in 1814; when they were resumed in 1816, it was decided that the edifice should be no more than one story high besides the lofts, and that the wood-work and roof should resemble those of the markets of Paris. It is just finished after the plan of M. de Lannoy, one of the first architects of Paris, at an expense of five millions of francs, and is capable of holding thirty thousand metrical quintals of corn.

*The Mystery, or Forty Years Ago.*  
Three Vols. 12mo. London, 1820.

*Calthorpe, or Fallen Fortunes.* By the Author of the ‘Mystery.’ Three Vols. 12mo. London, 1820.

WE have placed these works together as being the productions of the same author, within a very short period of each other. They, however, differ much in their character and merits. The novel of ‘The Mystery’ was principally founded on facts; that of ‘Calthorpe’ is almost entirely fictitious. The former contained a well-written historical notice of the riots of 1780, and of the state of London at that period. An account of Major Houghton’s journey to explore the interior of Africa, with some interesting particulars respecting Governor Wall, not very generally known, were also given in the course of the work. In ‘Calthorpe,’ the chief interest of the novel arises out of the murder of one of the principal characters, under such circumstances as induce the belief that the deceased has committed suicide; and he is, in consequence, consigned to the earth in that barbarous manner, which, to the disgrace of the age, is still exercised on a *felo de se*. The novel contains some well-sketched scenes, both of a serious and a comic nature; and, as we shall not attempt a detail of the plot, we shall select one scene which partakes, in some degree, of both. It is an account of the inquest held, at an inn, by Mr. Catastrophe, the coroner, on the body of the supposed suicide. The coroner and jury are at breakfast:—

‘The animation of Mr. Coroner soon began to operate on his colleagues. The death-like gloom which had fallen on them began to vanish before the bright sun of his vivacity, and the comforts fast accumulating around them. Each began to reflect and “inwardly to digest,” with other matter, that though life is brief and precarious, it contains some delights which rational men should not fail to seize while they may; as, whether they do so or not, they must be exposed to the same perils, and must finally sink beneath the inevitable stroke of death. The beneficial progress of these considerations was soon perceptible in the tranquil air with which the party, by the time the orders of the coroner had been duly attended to, were prepared to go through the ceremonies of breakfast, though these had been solemnized, in the usual way, by at least half the company, before the arrival of Mr. Catastrophe.

“A very melancholy business this that has called us together,” he remarked, with a grave air, at the same time dismiss-



ing his egg-cup, with the incumbent shell, and reaching a second egg. "A very melancholy business, upon my honour. I do not know that any thing has occurred to affect me so much for a long time. I have really not been myself since I first heard of it.—Shall I trouble you to send me a slice of that ham, while your hand's in."

"It is, indeed, very melancholy."—"Very melancholy, indeed," ran round the room, in a sort of irregular chorus.

"I was shocked beyond measure.—Not quite so much fat, if you please," Mr. Catastrophe proceeded, addressing himself to the gentleman who was then in the act of complying with his requisition for a new supply of ham. "There, that's just the thing. I am sorry to give you so much trouble, but really my appetite is so much impaired that I am obliged to study it more than formerly.—Mr. Burleigh was a man very much respected I believe, and this event—Another cup, if you please—What was I going to say?—Oh Mrs. Muddle.—I quite forgot to ask after her, I hope she is well."

"Very poorly, indeed."

"Bless me, I'm extremely sorry to hear it. I hope nothing dangerous. In the old way, I suppose. She'll be better in eight or nine months.—Hey! You can't leave off your old tricks."

Here Mr. Catastrophe treated the company with a laugh, in which his eye, glancing archly round the table, invited all present to join. Most of the gentlemen, by distending their nostrils and giving them, with the upper lip, a slight elevation, so as to imitate that arrangement of the features which, rising above a smile, gets half way to a laugh, had the complacency to indicate that they understood the drift of Mr. Catastrophe's wit. After being refreshed with a few more sallies, nearly or altogether as brilliant, the real business of the day was commenced under very favourable circumstances, as the jury were so far recovered by the good things they had seen, heard, and tasted, that the morbid sensibility which had, at first, threatened to impede the fair exercise of their reasoning faculties, was, thanks to the meritorious exertions and wise arrangements of Mr. Catastrophe, completely dissipated.

The servants of the deceased proved, that Mr. Burleigh had been alive, and, apparently, in good health, on the night preceding the morning on which he was found dead in his bed. Several of them remembered that his air and manner had been strange of late. One had seen him reading in the garden, when his mind appeared so unusually abstracted, that he neither saw the deponent, nor a flower-pot which stood in his way, till he had nearly fallen over it. About the same period he had called another John, whose name was Thomas; and, one day, when news was taken to him, in his study, that dinner was on table, he started up,

with an air of surprise, exclaiming, "Bless me!—I forgot that I had not dined."

The medical gentleman who had been called in when the first alarm was given, described, with much technical parade, the situation in which the deceased had been found, and the wounds which he had received. He had sought, but in vain, to discover any pulsation in the wrist, or in the region of the heart. Witness was of opinion that the deceased's death was occasioned by loss of blood, from the wound in his breast; and by the obstruction of breathing caused by the stab in his wind-pipe. Both wounds were evidently inflicted by the poiniard found on the bed.

John Jackson, a gentleman's servant, deposed that he had seen a man jump over Mr. Burleigh's garden wall, between one and two in the morning, and run away immediately on perceiving him on the outside; but, supposing it to be Frank Tibbins, Betty Notable's sweetheart, he did not give any alarm.

Betty Notable, the housemaid, was next examined. She admitted that Frank Tibbins had been with her in the garden after the rest of the family had retired for the night; and, also, that he had made good his retreat by leaping from the wall. She, however, denied that it was so late as one o'clock. In all her statements she was corroborated by the evidence of Frank Tibbins.

A paper was now produced, which had been found on the table of the deceased, and was supposed to have been written immediately before the rash act was committed. It was signed with his name, and ran as follows:—

*"To those I leave behind me."*

"Life has become an intolerable burden to me, which I think, after bearing it so long, I have a right to lay down. I leave this, that it may be known the deed I am about to commit is my own act, that no other mortal may be suspected of that crime (if it be one) which is mine, and mine alone." "George Burleigh."

The note was viewed with the most intense interest by the whole of the jurors, and listened to with the most thrilling sensations of awe.

It escaped not the eye of Mr. Catastrophe that they were much affected; and he forthwith remarked, that, after the fatigue they had already undergone, a glass of Madeira and a sandwich would be no bad things to introduce in this stage of the proceedings, before they called witnesses to prove the hand-writing of the deceased. He accordingly rung the bell, and the landlord attending on the instant, the order was given.

When the wine made its appearance, the coroner, after tasting it, pronounced a verdict in its favour. The gentlemen of the jury, one after another, took a glass on his recommendation, and, presently, felt themselves very considerably relieved. In the breathing time, thus afforded,

Mr. Muddle inquired of Mr. Catastrophe, when he had seen their friend 'Squire Freakish.

"Met him," replied the coroner, "by mere chance, this day week, at our old house, the King's Arms. We had a 'quest there, on a lady who was burnt to death. I arrived too soon, and luckily stumbled on Jack Freakish; so we played a game at billiards till the jurors arrived. He waited for me till it was over. I soon knocked off the business, and then we dined together at the King's Arms; had some of Swig's best—number thirty-five. You remember the number. The binn is not out yet, but it gets low. We had a very merry day together, I assure you."

The sandwiches were now brought in, and the landlord made his appearance to express regret that there was no cold fowl in the house. This was kindly excused by Mr. Catastrophe, who, however, remarked that some of the gentlemen might prefer a glass of Port, and it might, therefore, be as well to bring in a bottle. He added:

"Of course the family have given orders to have every thing provided for the accommodation of the gentlemen of the jury, that may be required."

"Sir?"

The note of interrogation that accompanied the monosyllable, which last escaped the landlord, was not exactly to the taste of the coroner. To him there appeared something suspicious in it. He therefore went on:

"I say, the family have, as a matter of course, directed you to provide whatever may be requisite for the accommodation of the gentlemen on the inquest."

"No, sir; I have received no orders from any one but yourself; but I shall be very happy to supply whatever Mr. Catastrophe may think proper to call for.—Did you say a bottle of Port?"

"Hey!—yes—stay—gentlemen, shall we have any Port this morning? It's rather early to begin drinking Port."

All the jurors, who had been perfectly willing that a bottle of Port should crown the festivity of the morning, while they supposed somebody else was to pay for it, now declared, *una voce*, that they could not drink Port before dinner; so the question was carried in the negative, and the landlord left the room.

Mr. Catastrophe looked unusually grave. He had ordered refreshments, and the jurors might suppose, unless he gave them to understand the contrary, that if no one else came forward, he intended to pay for them out of his own pocket. This apprehension gave his feelings a very severe shock.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this is really quite unprecedented. On an inquest like this, it was, of course, to be supposed that the friends of the deceased, whom we all know to be rolling in wealth, would have taken especial care that the jurors should be properly accommodated. Lord Bur-



leigh, for the sake of a brother. I should have expected, would have looked to this, even though confined to his chamber by the gout. However, gentlemen, you see how it is: we are left to make a Yorkshire club of it."

"The jurors were, unanimously, of opinion that some accommodation ought to have been provided by the relations of the deceased; the sandwiches and Madeira were not relished half so well as the breakfast had been, and the suspended inquiry was resumed with much sullen dignity.

"Several witnesses who knew the hand writing of Mr. Burleigh were examined, all of whom believed,—were confident,—had no doubt,—that the paper produced to them had been written by the deceased. Two or three persons came forward to prove acts of insanity; but what they deposed served only to show that much occasional abstraction of mind had been remarked in Mr. Burleigh, and the former evidence on this subject was not at all strengthened by what these witnesses advanced.

"The coroner, when he came to sum up, addressing the jury, said,—In the earlier stages of this business, he had inclined to the opinion that the deceased was insane when he committed the fatal act; but he confessed that he was much staggered by the paper which had been produced, and which had been proved to be in Mr. Burleigh's hand-writing. That which had been advanced to prove insanity, he could not help thinking, went rather to indicate that mental absence which was not uncommon in men of studious habits, than any positive derangement of intellect. They had, however, first to consider, whether the wounds had been inflicted by the deceased himself, or by some other hand. On this head he thought the evidence quite conclusive; and, having briefly stated to them the law applicable to self-murder, he left it to them to decide on the merits of the case.

"After deliberating for about an hour, the jury decided that the deceased died by his own hand, and returned a verdict of *Pelo de se*."

This scene, though not 'described with all the spirit of a Smollet,' as a cotemporary has declared, is calculated to give a favourable opinion of 'Calthorpe,' of which, as to the style, it is a fair specimen.

*Memoirs of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746.* By the Chevalier de Johnstone. (Continued from p. 68.)

WE concluded our last week's notice of this work with an account of the battle of Falkirk, so fatal to the English army. This battle is said to have given great satisfaction to General Cope; he had made bets to the amount of ten thousand guineas,

in the different coffee-houses in London, that the first general sent to command an army against the rebels in Scotland, would be beaten. The account of Lord Loudon's dashing attempt to seize the prince at Moy, affords us an interesting extract:—

"On the 16th [February], the prince slept at Moy, a castle belonging to the chief of the clan of Mackintosh, about two leagues from Inverness. Lord Loudon, lieutenant-general in the service of King George, and colonel of a regiment of Highlanders, being at Inverness, with about two thousand regular troops, the prince intended to wait the arrival of the other column, before approaching nearer to that town. In the mean time, Lord Loudon formed the project of seizing by surprize the person of the prince, who could have no suspicion of any attempt of the kind, conceiving himself in perfect security at Moy; and his lordship would have succeeded in this design, but for the intervention of that invisible Being who frequently chuses to manifest his power in overturning the best contrived schemes of feeble mortals. His lordship, at three o'clock in the afternoon, posted guards, and a chain of centinels, all round Inverness, both within and without the town, with positive orders not to suffer any person to leave it, on any pretext whatever, or whatever the rank of the person might be. He ordered, at the same time, fifteen hundred men to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning; and having assembled this body of troops without noise, and without alarming the inhabitants, he put himself at their head, and instantly set off, planning his march so as to arrive at the castle of Moy about eleven o'clock at night.

"Whilst some English officers were drinking in the house of Mrs. Bailly, an innkeeper in Inverness, and passing the time till the hour of their departure, her daughter, a girl of about thirteen or fourteen years of age, who happened to wait on them, paid great attention to their conversation, and, from certain expressions dropped from them, she discovered their designs. As soon as this generous girl was certain as to their intentions, she immediately left the house, escaped from the town, notwithstanding the vigilance of the centinels, and immediately took the road to Moy, running as fast as she was able, without shoes or stockings, which, to accelerate her progress, she had taken off, in order to inform the prince of the danger that menaced him. She reached Moy, quite out of breath, before Lord Loudon; and the prince, with difficulty, escaped in his robe de chambre, night-cap, and slippers, to the neighbouring mountains, where he passed the night in concealment. This dear girl, to whom the prince owed his life, was in great danger of losing her own, from her excessive fa-

tigue on this occasion; but the care and attentions she experienced restored her to life, and her health was at length re-established. The prince, having no suspicion of such a daring attempt, had very few people with him in the castle of Moy.

"As soon as the girl had spread the alarm, the blacksmith of the village of Moy presented himself to the prince, and assured his royal highness that he had no occasion to leave the castle, as he would answer for it, with his head, that Lord Loudon and his troops would be obliged to return faster than they came. The prince had not sufficient confidence in his assurances to neglect seeking his safety by flight to the neighbouring mountains. However, the blacksmith, for his own satisfaction, put his project in execution. He instantly assembled a dozen of his companions, and advanced with them about a quarter of a league from the castle, on the road to Inverness. There he laid an ambuscade, placing six of his companions on each side of the highway, to wait the arrival of the detachment of Lord Loudon, enjoining them not to fire till he should tell them, and then not to fire together, but one after another. When the head of the detachment of Lord Loudon was opposite the twelve men, about eleven o'clock in the evening, the blacksmith called out with a loud voice, "Here come the villains, who intend carrying off our prince; fire, my lads, do not spare them,—give no quarter!" In an instant, muskets were discharged from each side of the road, and the detachment, seeing their project had taken wind, began to fly in the greatest disorder, imagining that our whole army was lying in wait for them. Such was their terror and consternation, that they did not stop till they reached Inverness. In this manner did a common blacksmith, with twelve of his companions, put Lord Loudon and fifteen hundred of his regular troops to flight. The fifer of his lordship, who happened to be at the head of the detachment, was killed by the first discharge; and the detachment did not wait for a second."

The author gives a very exaggerated account of the excesses committed by the King's troops quartered in Athol, whom he accuses of committing 'the most unheard of cruelties,—burning the houses of the gentlemen who were with the prince,—turning out their wives and children in the midst of winter, to perish in the mountains with cold and hunger, after subjecting them to every species of brutal treatment.' This statement the editor has very properly contradicted in a note. A daring exploit was successfully undertaken by Mr. Glasgow, an Irish officer in the service of France, at Keith, with a detachment of only two hundred men:—

"He arrived at Keith at one o'clock in



the morning, without being discovered, and exactly at the time he calculated the march would occupy. On the sentinel before the guard-house calling out, "Who goes there?" Mr. Glasgow replied, 'a friend,' and advanced himself to the sentinel, whom he killed with his dirk. The Highlanders immediately rushed on the guard, who at first made some resistance, but were soon disarmed. Then, without losing a moment, they flew through the town, making prisoners of the soldiers who were quartered in the houses of the inhabitants; and Mr. Glasgow managed matters so well, that in less than an hour he accomplished his object, and retired with a hundred and eighty prisoners, whom he presented next day to the prince.

The great number of prisoners taken by the rebels gave them much inconvenience, as, their army being always in motion, they escaped, and joined their different regiments. A Mr. Peter Smith suggested to the prince to cut off the thumb of the right hand of every prisoner, which would render them incapable of holding their muskets. The Chevalier de Johnstone says, it was 'consonant to justice to make no prisoners, but put all the enemy to the sword; yet the excessive attachment of the prince for the English nation, the executioners of his family, prevented him from adopting any expedient which could give them the smallest umbrage.' A very small umbrage, truly, cutting off the thumbs or taking the lives of every man found in arms for his King and country! The prince, however, was more humane, and he generally released them on their parole, not to serve against him for a limited time. Some officers, made prisoners at Falkirk, were required to add their oath to their parole, but the Duke of Cumberland issued circulars, absolving them from their parole and oath, when they all, excepting four, joined the army. Mr. Ross, one of the officers who refused, nobly replied to the duke, 'that he was master of their commissions, but not of their probity and honour;' and George II. afterwards expressed his approval of those who adhered punctually to their parole. We pass over the account of the battle of Culloden, so fatal to the cause of the Pretender, which has been detailed more at length by preceding historians. Much as we have heard of the cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland on this occasion, the following is new to us. The author says,—

'The Duke of Cumberland had the cruelty to allow our wounded to remain amongst the dead on the field of battle,

stript of their clothes, from Wednesday, the day of our unfortunate engagement, till three o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, when he sent detachments to kill all those who were still in life; and a great many, who had resisted the effects of the continual rains which fell all that time, were then despatched. He ordered a barn, which contained many of the wounded Highlanders, to be set on fire; and having stationed soldiers round it, they, with fixed bayonets, drove back the unfortunate men who attempted to save themselves, into the flames, burning them alive in this horrible manner, as if they had not been fellow creatures.'

For the honour of human nature, we trust there is no truth in this charge against the royal duke, who possessed an amiable disposition, and is known to have acted generously towards the descendants of the unfortunate House of Stuart\*. The author blames Prince Charles for not placing himself at the head of the army in the battle of Culloden, and observes, justly, that 'there are occasions when a general ought to expose his person, and not remain beyond the reach of musketry.' What effect this would have had on the battle we know not; at all events, it was not only worth trying, but it was the duty of the prince to share the dangers of the day with his faithful followers; on the contrary,—

'As soon as the prince saw this army begin to give way, he made his escape, with a few horsemen of Fitzjames's piquet. Some hours after the battle, Lord

\* We extract the following passage on this subject from the *Percy Anecdotes*:—'His royal highness incurred much odium for what has been styled his inhuman conduct to the Scotch rebels after the battle of Culloden; and a historian of no mean repute, Lord Lyttleton, coincides in this particular with the voice of the public. From some facts, however, subsequently communicated to the public, by a gentleman who was not only sincerely devoted to the House of Stuart, but actually fought under Prince Charles's standard, it would seem that the odium was not very well founded. We are told, for instance, that after the battle of Culloden, some of the officers in the duke's army were railing severely against Prince Charles, whom they termed the *Pretender*, and that the duke, on over-hearing the discourse, instantly rebuked the officers most sharply, observing to them, they were reviling one who, though his enemy, was a gentleman and a relation. And we are further assured, that every man of Prince Charles's army who happened to fall into the duke's own hands, during the rebellion, and after the battle at Culloden, was treated not only with humanity, but with tenderness.

'These statements, though much at variance with the popular belief, especially in the northern part of the island, are perfectly in accordance with the conduct of the duke on other occasions, of which many highly honourable traits are extant.'—*Anecdotes of George the Third and his Family*.

Elcho found him in a cabin, beside the River Nairn, surrounded by Irish, and without a single Scotsman near him, in a state of complete dejection, without the least hope of being able to re-establish his affairs, having given himself altogether up to the pernicious councils of Sheridan, and the other Irish, who governed him as they pleased, and abandoned every other project, but that of escaping to France as soon as possible. Lord Elcho represented to him, that this check was nothing, as was really the case; and exerted himself to the utmost to persuade him to think only of rallying his army, putting himself at its head, and trying once more the fortune of war, as the disaster might be easily repaired; but he was insensible to all that his lordship could suggest, and utterly disregarded his advice.

'I arrived,' continues the author, 'on the 18th, at Ruthven, which happened, by chance, to become the rallying point of our army, without having been previously fixed on. There I found the Duke of Athol, Lord George Murray, the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lord Ogilvie, and many other chiefs of clans, with about four or five thousand Highlanders, all in the best possible dispositions for renewing hostilities and taking their revenge. The little town of Ruthven is about eight leagues from Inverness, by a road through the mountains, very narrow, full of tremendously high precipices, where there are several passes which a hundred men could defend against ten thousand, by merely rolling down rocks from the summit of the mountains.

'Lord George [Murray] immediately dispatched people to guard the passes, and, at the same time, sent off an aid-de-camp to inform the prince, that a great part of his army was assembled at Ruthven; that the Highlanders were full of animation and ardour, and eager to be led against the enemy; that the Grants, and other Highland clans, who had, till then, remained neuter, were disposed to declare themselves in his favour, seeing the inevitable destruction of their country from the proximity of the victorious army of the Duke of Cumberland; that all the clans who had received leave of absence, would assemble there in the course of a few days; and that, instead of five or six thousand men, the whole of the number present at the battle of Culloden, from the absence of those who had returned to their homes, and of those who had left the army on reaching Culloden, on the morning of the 16th, to go to sleep, he might count upon eight or nine thousand men at least, a greater number than he had at any time in his army. Every body earnestly intreated the Prince to come immediately, and put himself at the head of this force.

'We passed the 19th at Ruthven, without any news from the prince. All the Highlanders were cheerful, and full of of spirits, to a degree, perhaps, never be-



fore witnessed in an army so recently beaten, expecting, with impatience, every moment, the arrival of the prince; but, on the 20th, Mr. Macleod, Lord George's aid-de-camp, who had been sent to him, returned with the following laconic answer: "Let every man seek his safety in the best way he can;" an inconsiderate answer, heart-breaking to the brave men who had sacrificed themselves for him. However critical our situation, the prince ought not to have despaired. On occasions when every thing is to be feared, we ought to lay aside fear; when we are surrounded with dangers, no danger ought to alarm us. With the best plans we may fail in our enterprizes; but the firmness we display in misfortune is the noblest ornament of virtue. This is the manner in which a prince ought to conduct himself, who, with an unexampled rashness, landed in Scotland with only seven men.

"We were masters of the passes between Ruthven and Inverness, which gave us sufficient time to assemble our adherents. The clan of Macpherson of Clunie, consisting of five hundred very brave men, besides many other Highlanders, who had not been able to reach Inverness before the battle, joined us at Ruthven; so that our numbers increased every moment, and I am thoroughly convinced that, in the course of eight days, we should have had a more powerful army than ever, capable of re-establishing, without delay, the state of our affairs, and of avenging the barbarous cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland. But the prince was inexorable and immovable in his resolution of abandoning his enterprize, and terminating in this inglorious manner, an expedition, the rapid progress of which had fixed the attention of all Europe. Unfortunately, he had nobody to advise with but Sir Thomas Sheridan, and other Irishmen, who were altogether ignorant of the nature and resources of the country, and the character of the Highlanders; and who had nothing to lose, but, on the contrary, a great deal to gain on arriving in France, where several of them have since laid the foundations of their fortunes.

"Our separation at Ruthven was truly affecting. We bade one another an eternal adieu. No one could tell whether the scaffold would not be his fate. The Highlanders gave vent to their grief in wild howlings and lamentations; the tears flowed down their cheeks when they thought that their country was now at the discretion of the Duke of Cumberland, and on the point of being plundered; whilst they and their children would be reduced to slavery, and plunged, without resource, into a state of remediless distress.

"An accident which took place at Inverness, some days after the battle, might have proved very advantageous to us, if the prince had joined us at Ruthven. A young gentleman of the name of Forbes,

related to Lord Forbes, and a cadet in an English regiment, having abandoned his colours to join the prince, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, and was hanged at Inverness, without any distinction, amongst the other deserters. Whilst the body of Forbes was still suspended from the gibbet, a brutal and vulgar English officer plunged his sword into his body, and swore that "all his countrymen were traitors and rebels like himself." A Scots officer, who heard the impertinence of this Englishman, immediately drew his sword, and demanded satisfaction for the insult done to his country; and, whilst they fought, all the officers took part in the quarrel, and swords were drawn in every direction. The soldiers, at the same time, of their own accord, beat to arms, drew up along the streets, the Scots on one side and the English on the other, beginning a very warm combat with fixed bayonets. The Duke of Cumberland happening to be out of town, information was immediately conveyed to him, and he hastened to the scene of action before this warfare had made much progress. He addressed himself immediately to the Scots, whom he endeavoured to mollify by the high compliments he paid them. He told them that, whenever he had had the honour of commanding them, he had always experienced their fidelity and attachment to his family, as well as their courage and exemplary conduct; and he at length succeeded in appeasing them.

"Thus did Prince Charles begin his enterprize with seven men, and abandon it at a moment he might have been at the head of as many thousands, — preferring to wander up and down the mountains alone, exposed every instant to be taken and put to death by detachments of the English troops, sent by the Duke of Cumberland in pursuit of him, and who followed him closely, often passed quite near him, and from whom he escaped as if by miracle, — to putting himself at the head of a body of brave and determined men, of whose fidelity and attachment he was secure, and all of whom would have shed the last drop of their blood in his defence. Indeed, this was now the only means of saving themselves from the scaffold, and their families from being slaughtered by a furious, enraged, and barbarous soldiery. The Highlands are full of precipices and passes through mountains, where only one person can proceed at a time, and where a thousand men can defend themselves against a hundred thousand, for years; and, as it abounds with horned cattle, of which they sell above one hundred thousand yearly to the English, provisions would not have been wanting. But this partisan warfare it would only have been necessary to adopt as a last resource; for I am morally certain that, in the course of ten or twelve days, we should have been in a condition to return to Inverness, and fight the Duke of Cumberland

on equal terms. Whenever I reflect on this subject, I am always astonished that Lord George Murray, and the other chiefs of clans, did not resolve to carry on this mountain warfare themselves, for their own defence; as nothing can be more certain than what was said by a celebrated author, that, in a revolt, "when we draw the sword we ought to throw away the scabbard." There is no medium; we must conquer or die. This would have spared much of the blood which was afterwards shed on the scaffold in England, and would have prevented the almost total extermination of the race of Highlanders which has since taken place, either from the policy of the English government, the emigration of their families to the colonies, or from the numerous Highland regiments which have been often cut to pieces, and renewed during the last war.

"Prince Charles, for several months, was hotly pursued by detachments of English troops; and so very near were they frequently to him, that he had scarcely quitted a place before they arrived at it. Sometimes he was wholly surrounded by them. The Duke of Cumberland never failed to say to the commanders of these detachments, at the moment of their departure, "make no prisoners; you understand me." They had particular instructions to stab the prince, if he fell into their hands; but Divine wisdom frustrated the atrocious and barbarous designs and pursuits of the sanguinary Duke, whose officers and their detachments, his executioners, inflicted more cruelties on the brave but unfortunate Highlanders, than would have been committed by the most ferocious savages of Canada. The generous and heroic action of Mr. Roderic Mackenzie, contributed greatly to save the prince from those blood-thirsty assassins.

"Mr. Mackenzie, a gentleman of good family in Scotland, had served, during the whole expedition, in the life-guards of Prince Charles. He was of the prince's size, and, to those who were not accustomed to see them together, might seem to resemble him a little. Mackenzie happened to be in a cabin with the prince, and two or three other persons, when, all of a sudden, they received information that they were surrounded by detachments of English troops, advancing from every point, as if they had received positive information that the prince was in the cabin. The prince was asleep at this moment, and was awakened for the purpose of being informed of his melancholy fate; namely, that it was morally impossible for him to save his life. He answered, "then we must die like brave men, with swords in our hands."—"No, my prince," replied Mackenzie; "resources still remain; I will take your name, and face one of these detachments. I know what my fate will be; but whilst I occupy it, your royal highness will have time to escape." Mackenzie darted forward with fury, sword in



hand, against a detachment of fifty men, and on falling, covered with wounds, he exclaimed aloud, "You know not what you have done! I am your prince whom you have killed!" after which he instantly expired. They cut off his head, and carried it, without delay, to the Duke of Cumberland, nobody doubting that it was the head of Prince Charles. And the barbarous duke, having now, as he thought, obtained the head of the prince, the great object of his wishes, set off next day for London, with this head packed up, in his post-chaise.

This is another of those assertions, to which, unsupported as it is by other evidence, we must deny credence, as we must to the assertion, that the Duke of Cumberland gave instructions to his commanders, that they should not take the prince prisoner, but put him to instant death. The author closes the account of the prince, with briefly stating that he escaped to France. The remainder of the volume relates to the chevalier personally, which we must defer noticing at present. (*To be concluded in our next.*)

*The Scrap Book; containing a Collection of Amusing and Striking Pieces, in Prose and Verse. With an Introduction, and occasional Remarks and Contributions.* By John M'Diarmid, Author of the 'Life of William Cowper.' 12mo. pp. 396. Edinburgh and London, 1821.

MR. M'DIARMID'S modest title, 'The Scrap Book,' and his motto, that it is 'a thing of shreds and patches,' limits criticism to a remark on his taste or industry in the selection. The plan of the work is similar to that of those well-known school-books, the English Speaker—the English Reader—the Hive, &c.; but in the execution, the editor has trodden new ground, and has abandoned Addison and Johnson, Shakespeare and Milton, Pope and Dryden, for more modern authors. The descriptive, narrative, and didactic pieces, are principally from the Scotch novels,—the Edinburgh Review,—Jeffrey, Beattie, Hogg,—Modern Voyages and Travels, &c. The poetry is chiefly from Byron, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Crabbe, &c. with some few pieces from Swift, Cowper, and Prior. Of the humorous and miscellaneous pieces,—indeed of the whole collection, the author may say, *variis locis dispersa in unum fasciculum redegit*. From such an agreeable and amusing melange, we make a few extracts. The first may form a good sequel or companion to

Johnstone's Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745, at present under review:—

'*Anecdotes, illustrative of the State of the Highlands after the Rebellion of Forty-five.*—The field of Culloden and the scenes of cruelty which followed it, though fatal to the hopes of the Highlanders, who enthusiastically espoused the cause of Charles, yet did not utterly crush their hardy and predatory disposition. The clansmen retired, it is true, to the rocky fastnesses of their highest glens; they chewed the cud of bitter reflection, and they mourned their cottages burned, and their wives and children massacred at dead of night, or arrested in melancholy flight by death, amidst the snows of winter. But savage heroism was not altogether subdued within them by calamities such as these, calamities calculated to bend less lofty souls to the very dust of subjection. With them the effect was like that produced by attempting to curb the mountain cataract,—they were divided into smaller and less important bodies, and their power was no longer forcible in its native stream; but each individual portion seemed to gain a particular character and consequence of its own, by separation from the main body, where it had been undistinguished and unobserved. It was thus that, lurking in little parties, among pine-clad precipices, in caverns known only to themselves, they now waged a minor warfare,—that which had the plundering of cattle for its object. But let us not look upon those men, driven as it were to desperation, as we do upon the wretched cow-stealers of the present day. That which is now considered as one of the basest of crimes, was then, in the eyes of the mountaineer, rather an honourable and chivalrous profession. Nothing was then more creditable than to be the leader of a daring band, to harry the low country of its live stock, and, above all, it was conceived to be perfectly fair to drive "Moray-land, where every gentleman had a right to take his prey."

'It was about this period, and (though it may surprise many) it was not much more than fifty years ago, that Mr. R—I, a gentleman of the low country of Moray, was awakened early in a morning by the unpleasing intelligence of the Highlanders having carried off the whole of his cattle from a distant hill, grazing in Brae Moray, a few miles above the junction of the rapid rivers Findhorn and Livie, and between both. He was an active man, so that, after a few questions put to the breathless messenger, he lost not a moment in summoning and arming several servants; and, instead of taking the way to his farm, he struck at once across the country, in order to get as speedily as possible to a point, where the rocks and woods, hanging over the deep bed of the Findhorn, first begin to be crowned by steep and lofty mountains, receding in long and misty perspective. This was

the grand pass into the boundless wastes frequented by the robbers; and here Mr. R—I forded the river to its southern bank, and took his stand with his little party, well aware, that if he could not intercept his cattle here, he might abandon all further search after them.

'The spot chosen for the ambuscade was a beautiful range of scenery, known by the name of the Streens.—So deep is the hollow in many places, that some of the little cottages, with which its bottom is here and there sprinkled, have Gaelic appellations, implying, *that they never see the sun*. There were no houses near them; but the party lay concealed amongst some huge fragments of rock, shivered by the wedging ice of the previous winter, from the summit of a lofty crag, that hung half across the narrow holm where they stood. A little way further down the river, the passage was contracted to a rude and scrambling footpath, and behind them the glen was equally confined. Both extremities of the small amphitheatre were shaded by almost impenetrable thickets of birch, hazel, alder, and holly, whilst a few wild pines found a scanty subsistence for their roots, in mid-way air, on the face of the crags, and were twisted and writhed for lack of nourishment, into a thousand fantastic and picturesque forms. The serene sun of a beautiful summer's day was declining, and half the narrow haugh was, in broad and deep shadow, beautifully contrasted by the brilliant golden light that fell on the wooded bank on the other side of the river.

'Such was the scene where Mr. R—I posted his party; and they had not waited long, listening in the silence of the evening, when they heard the distant lowing of the cattle, and the wild shouts of the reavers, re-echoed as they approached by the surrounding rocks. The sound came nearer and nearer; and, at last, the crashing of the boughs announced the appearance of the more advanced part of the drove, and the animals began to issue slowly from the tangled wood, or to rush violently forth, as the blows or shouts of the drivers were more or less impetuous. As they came out, they collected themselves into a group, and stood bellowing, as if unwilling to proceed farther. In the rear of the last of the herd, Mr. R—I saw, bursting singly from different parts of the brake, a party of fourteen Highlanders, all in the full costume of the mountains, and armed with dirk, pistols, and claymore, and two or three of them carrying antique fowling pieces. Mr. R—I's party consisted of not more than ten or eleven; but, telling them to be firm, he drew them forth from their ambuscade, and ranged them on the green turf. With some exclamations of surprise, the robbers, at the shrill whistle of their leader, rushed forwards and ranged themselves in front of their spoil. Mr. R—I and his party stood their ground with determination, whilst the robbers ap-



peared to hold a council of war. At last their chief, a little athletic man, with long red hair curling over his shoulders, and with a pale and thin, but acute visage, advanced a little way beyond the rest. "Mr. R—I," said he, in a loud voice, and speaking good English, though in a Highland accent, "are you for peace or war? if for war, look to yourself; if for peace and treaty, order your men to stand fast, and advance to meet me."—"I will treat," replied Mr. R—I, "but can I trust to your keeping faith?"—"Trust to the honour of a gentleman!" rejoined the other, with an imperious air. The respective parties were ordered to stand their ground, and the two leaders advanced about seventy or eighty paces each, towards the middle of the space, with their loaded guns cocked, and presented at each other. A certain sum was demanded for the restitution of the cattle; Mr. R—I had not so much about him, but he offered to give what money he had in his pocket, being a few pounds short of what the robber had asked. The bargain was concluded—the money paid—the guns uncocked and shouldered—and the two parties advanced to meet each other in perfect harmony. "And now, Mr. R—I," said the leader of the band, "you must look at your beasts to see that none of them be wanting." Mr. R—I did so. "They are all here," said he, "but one small dun quey."—"Make yourself easy about her," replied the other, "she shall be in your pasture before daylight to-morrow morning." The treaty being thus concluded, the robbers proceeded up the glen, and were soon hid beneath its thick foliage; whilst Mr. R—I's people took charge of the cattle and began to drive them homewards. The reaver was as good as his word; the next morning the dun quey was seen grazing with the herd. Nobody knew how she came there; but her jaded and draggled appearance bespoke the length and the nature of the night journey she had performed.

The following are taken from the miscellaneous pieces, many of which we recognize as old friends:—

*'Curious Rencontre.*—A curious affair occurred, about two years ago, at a small church in Wales. The parson having a tame goat, which followed him to the church, and sat under the pulpit, the animal was so struck with the nodding of a drowsy Cambrian, who sat opposite to him, that taking the frequent inclinations of his head for a challenge to combat, he made a butt at his supposed antagonist, who, not perceiving from whence the blow proceeded, struck the person next him. The parson, who was also of the quorum, would have committed the drowsy Cambrian, when brought before him next day, especially as the latter had been convicted of reading and commenting on the newspapers; but as it was proved by several witnesses that his goat

was the first aggressor, he observed, that if the people "tespised tivine service, it would be no wonder if peasts of the field was to rise upon all the chakopins in the country."

*'Royal Society.*—When King Charles II. dined with the members on the occasion of constituting them a Royal Society, towards the close of the evening, he expressed his satisfaction at being the first English monarch who had laid a foundation for a society, who proposed that their whole studies should be directed to the investigation of the arcana of nature, and added, with that peculiar gravity of countenance he usually wore on such occasions, that among such learned men he now hoped for a solution to a question which had long puzzled him. The case he thus stated:—"Suppose two pails of water were fixed in two different scales that were equally poised, and which weighed equally alike, and two live bream, or small fish, were put into either of these pails; he wanted to know the reason, why that pail, with such addition, should not weigh more than the other pail which was against it." Every one was ready to set at quiet the royal curiosity; but it appeared that every one was giving a different opinion. One, at length, offered so ridiculous a solution, that another of the members could not refrain from a loud laugh; when the King turning to him, insisted that he should give his sentiments as well as the rest. This he did without hesitation; and told his majesty, in plain terms, that he denied the fact; on which the King, in high mirth, exclaimed, "Odds fish, brother, you are in the right." The jest was not ill designed. The story was often useful, to cool the enthusiasm of the scientific visionary who is apt to account for what never existed.

*'Medical Anecdote.*—Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the manner of paying their physicians so well in England for the time they were sick, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians: I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you my illnesses are very short."

*'Remarkable instance of Fidelity in a Servant.*—In the winter of the year 1776, the Count and Countess Podotsky being on their way from Vienna to Cracow, the wolves, which are very numerous in the Carpathian mountains, and when the cold is very severe are more bold and savage than usual, came down in hordes, and pursued the carriage between the towns of Osweik and Zator, the latter of which is only a few leagues from Cracow. Of two servants, one was sent before to bespeak

post-horses; the other, whom the Count particularly esteemed for his fidelity, seeing the wolves come nearer and nearer, begged his master to permit him to leave them his horse, by which their rage would, in some measure, be satisfied, and they should gain time to reach Zator. The Count consented; the servant mounted behind the carriage, and let the horse go, which was seized by the wolves, and torn into a thousand pieces. Meantime, the travellers proceeded with all the speed they could, in hopes to reach the town, from which they were not very distant. But the horses were tired, and the wolves, becoming more savage now that they had tasted blood, had almost overtaken the carriage. In this extreme necessity, the servant cried out, "There is only one means of deliverance; I will go and meet the wolves, if you will swear to provide as a father for my wife and children. I must perish; but while they fall upon me, you will escape." Podotsky hesitated to comply; but as there was no prospect of escape, he consented, and solemnly vowed, that if he would sacrifice himself for their safety, he would constantly provide for his family. The servant immediately got down, went to meet the wolves, and was devoured! The Count reached the gates of Zator, and was saved.—The servant was a Protestant; his master a Catholic, and conscientiously kept his word.

*'Interesting Anecdote.*—Serjeant Weir, of the Scots Greys, was pay-serjeant of his troop, and, as such, might have excused serving in action, and, perhaps, he should not have been forward; but on such a day as the battle of Waterloo, he requested to be allowed to charge with the regiment. In one of the charges he fell, mortally wounded, and was left on the field. Corporal Scot, of the same regiment (who lost a leg), asserts, that when the field was searched for the wounded and slain, the body of Serjeant Weir was found with his name written on his forehead, by his own hand, dipped in his own blood! This, his comrade said, he was supposed to have done, that his body might be found and known, and that it might not be imagined he had disappeared with the money of the troop.

*'Irish Humour.*—An American citizen, for the purpose of arresting attention, caused his sign to be set upside down. One day, while the rain was pouring down with great violence, a son of Hibernia was discovered directly opposite, standing with some gravity upon his head, and fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the sign. On an inquiry being made of this inverted gentleman, why he stood in so singular an attitude, he answered, "I am trying to read that sign."

*'Engineer.*—An engineer, named Brindley, a man of considerable talent, had so completely identified himself with his enterprizes, that he thought of nothing but plans, piers, levelling, perforating mountains, digging canals, &c. Being



once called before the House of Commons on the subject of a certain affair, he was asked for what end he imagined rivers had been formed. "I suppose," replied he, "they were invented to supply navigable canals."

We may here remark, that the love of desultory reading appears to be increasing, if we may judge from the numerous volumes of Anecdotes, Collections, and Selections, which are now ushered forth: among which, the Scrap Book is entitled to a respectable rank.

*Observations on Mr. Brougham's Bill 'for better providing the Means of Education for his Majesty's Subjects;' shewing its Inadequacy to the end proposed, and the Danger which will arise from it to the Cause of Religious Liberty.* 12mo. pp. 30. London, 1821.

IT is generally understood to be Mr. Brougham's intention immediately to proceed with his 'bill for the education of the poor.' A numerous body in this country—the Protestant dissenters—feel very warmly interested in favour of the professed object of this measure, yet view the means by which it is to be accomplished, with considerable alarm; they are persuaded, on calm and deliberate reflection, that the proposed plan is essentially defective, and if adopted will retard rather than accelerate the progress of education; that it will be highly injurious to the interests of religious freedom; and, in its practical operation, prove to thousands of our fellow countrymen a source of bitter persecution. Hence the birth of this pamphlet, which is written in a truly Christian spirit, and deserves the consideration of every churchman and dissenter, because it is no party question, nor one which affects the separate interests of any religious denomination.

### Foreign Literature.

*Account of the Voyage of Discovery and Circumnavigation performed in 1818, 1819, and 1820, by Captain Freycinet, Commander of the French Corvette Urania.*

M. LOUIS DE FREYCINET, captain of a frigate, to whom the King had intrusted the command of the corvette Urania, in order to make a voyage of discoveries in the South Seas, arrived at Havre, on the 13th of November, 1820.

The principal object of this expedition, was to make the necessary observations for determining the configura-

tion of the earth, and the strength of the magnetic power in the southern hemisphere; but having to traverse, during more than two years, a great extent of sea, M. de Freycinet was also to take advantage of all occasions which might offer to him, to augment our collections of natural history, to add new documents in hydrography, to those which are already deposited in the Royal Marine Depot.

The corvette Urania, fitted out at Toulon, in the early part of 1817, was furnished with every article necessary for a long voyage; she received a picked crew, and her quarter-deck was composed of officers equally distinguished for their zeal and the extent of their knowledge.

A numerous collection of the best instruments for physical and nautical astronomy, were put on board, to be used in the experiments and observations which were the essential objects of the voyage.

The Royal Academy of Sciences anxiously drew up, for M. de Freycinet, notes, necessary to guide him in his researches into general physics, natural history, geology, mineralogy, &c.

After long delays, occasioned by the difficulty of getting on board different objects necessary for the undertaking, the Urania set sail on the 17th of September, 1817.

Contrary winds obliged them to put into Gibraltar on the 11th of October, and she did not arrive at Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, before the 22d of the same month.

This port would have been a commodious place for making observations of various kinds; but the necessity of first submitting to a long quarantine, determined M. de Freycinet to stop only for six days; and, on the 28th of October, he sailed for the Brazils.

On the 6th day of December, Cape Frio was observed, and its geographical position verified. The Urania entered Rio de Janeiro the same night, where she remained until the 29th of January.

The stay of nearly two months was not so usefully employed as M. de Freycinet wished. Some difficulties at first opposed themselves to the establishment of an observatory on shore. The bad weather, too, obstructed the astronomical observations; but those in magnetism, and the oscillations of the pendulum, were made with the greatest care; and, at the same time, the numerous specimens of natural history, and drawings of all kinds, commenced

the valuable collections which were to be the fruits of the expedition.

The passage from Rio Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope, was marked by a melancholy event, which deprived M. de Freycinet of one of his ablest colleagues. M. Laborde, an officer of distinguished merit, an accurate observer, a good draughtsman, and who joined to these excellent qualities a character the most sociable, died in the flower of his age. His loss, at first, caused an universal sorrow.

The Urania remained in Table Bay from the 7th of March till the 5th of April; and from thence they sailed to Port Louis, in the Isle of France, where they arrived on the 5th of May.

M. de Freycinet praises particularly the reception which he met with during these two stoppages, from Lord C. Somerset, the governor of the Cape; and from Mr. G. Smith, chief judge and commissioner of justice at Port Louis, from whom he received the greatest facilities, as well for the establishment of his observatory a-shore, as for the advancement of every thing which could contribute to the success of his mission.

Port Louis, placed nearly in the same latitude as Rio de Janeiro, and at a distance of more than one hundred degrees in longitude, was favourably situated for observations respecting the pendulum. Those were made in detail, as well as experiments, the objects of which were to enlarge the study of magnetism and of meteorology.

A very considerable damage, which had torn off the copper sheeting of the Urania, did not allow them to put to sea until the 16th of July. The corvette stopped only some days at the Isle of Bourbon, to take in provisions, and then directed her course towards the coasts of New Holland, the northern extremity of which was seen on the 11th of September, 1818. (This part of the coast is called Edel's Land.)

The Urania coasted along at a moderate distance, and, having fallen in with Endracht's Land, she followed it until she arrived at the entrance of Sea Dog's Bay, from whence, after a short stay, she sailed on the 13th of September, to the anchorage before the peninsula of Peron.

An observatory was at first established on shore, and then they were employed in procuring, by means of distillation, water fit to be drunk. Two stills had been shipped at Toulon for this purpose. Numerous defects, which it may probably be easy to remedy in other vessels, rendered almost



null the products of the apparatus placed on board the corvette; but that which was put up on shore gave, in sufficient abundance, water pleasant to drink, and in which they could discover no noxious quality.

The *Urania* sailed on the 26th September; the intention of M. de Freycinet being to sail for Timor, in order to ascertain some points respecting its geographical position, of which he had doubts. He consequently sailed near the isles of Dorre and Bernier, which he coasted along at a good distance to the eastward, and in shallow water; when the corvette having struck on a sand bank, he was obliged to abandon the labour begun, and to bear off from the shore.

This event had no disagreeable consequence; the time passed at the anchorage on the bank was employed in exploring its figure and soundings, and M. de Freycinet gave it the name of the Bank of *Urania*.

On the 29th of October, 1827, the corvette cast anchor in the Bay of Coupang, in the Island of Timor, after having coasted on the west side of the isles of Limas and Retti, which belong to that archipelago.

The inhabitants of Coupang were then wholly busied in preparations for the war which the Dutch government was going to make on the rajah, Louis d'Amanoebang.

This circumstance rendered it difficult to purchase the provisions necessary to victual the corvette; but it did not hinder the scientific operations, which were carried on with the greatest zeal, in spite of the excessive height of the temperature; at the observatory, it stood, at times, at forty-five degrees of the thermometer (Reaumur's); whilst, in the shade, it kept at thirty-three or thirty-five degrees.

The *Urania* sailed from Coupang on the 23d of October, 1818, very badly provisioned, and with several men attacked with dysentery.

Calms and contrary currents detained them a long time between Timor and Ombay. This was taken advantage of to visit the village of Bitoca; it is situated on the south coast of the latter of these islands, has been, till now, little frequented by Europeans, and is peopled by a war-like and ferocious race, some of whom are anthropophagites.

Meanwhile, the number of dysenteric patients increased on board the corvette, and all the skill of M. Quoy, the surgeon-major, was not sufficient to

overcome the influence of a devouring climate. The harbour of Coupang had furnished them with but few refreshments; it became, therefore, necessary to take a new station at Timor, and, accordingly, the *Urania* anchored at Dicly, the chief place among the Portuguese establishments on the north coast of that island.

A most obliging reception was given to the expedition by Don Jose Pinto Alcoforado d'Azevedo e Souza; and the corvette was abundantly provisioned, through his care, with every thing that she wanted.

Their stay here was only for five days, after which the *Urania* bent her course still along the coast of Timor, in order to get through the straits to the eastward of Vitters, by the channel that separates that isle from those of Kiffer and Roma.

On the 29th of November, they were in sight of Ceram and Amboyna, and, stretching into the strait between the latter island and Bournon, they bent their course towards the Isle Gasse, which they doubled to the eastward at a small distance, during a violent storm. A great number of isles were observed, among which the most remarkable are those of Damoner, Gilolo, and Guébé.

In this passage, the *Urania* fell in with several armed canoes, belonging to the Kimalaha of Guébé. This prince came on board, and passed an entire day with them, during which his flotilla towed astern of the corvette. He furnished M. de Freycinet with various information respecting his country and his maritime expeditions, and made the strongest endeavours to induce him to stop at his island, where he assured him there was an excellent harbour, a commodious watering-place, and good refreshments. This proposition not being accepted, he assured him he would come with his brothers to Waigion, and pay him a new visit.

It was to the Isle Guébé that M. de Pavre was sent formerly, by M. de Coëtiva, to take drawings of the nutmeg trees, which have since multiplied so much in the Indian and American colonies. The Guébéans recollected that circumstance very well, of which they were themselves the first to speak; and M. de Freycinet attributes to their former relations with the French, the very particular amity which they testified towards him.

A pretty fresh breeze put an end to these amicable communications. The *Urania*, continuing her track, passed,

on the 12th of December, the strait which separates the Isle of Monhox from Guébé, and stretched to the eastward; she run some risk in the strait formed by the isles of Rouih and of Balabalack, and by the Wyag Islands, where, during a calm, violent currents set upon shallows; but she was, fortunately, able to keep her anchorage, and to wait for such winds as permitted her to keep her way, until she got clear of that perilous situation.

She cast anchor on the 16th of December, at the Isle of Rawak, after having, at a short distance, coasted along the northern side of Waigion.

An observatory was established on shore, and its position, in latitude only one and-a-half minute south, was the most favourable for experiments with the pendulum, which they could get under the equator. The period of this stay was employed in researches respecting geography and natural history.

Two or three days before they sailed, they heard, on a sudden, the martial music of tomtoms, kettle-drums, &c. Some moments after, there appeared, at the large point of the island, the fleet of the Kimalaha of Guébé, who, faithful to his promise, had come to pay the visit he had before announced. This little squadron presented a spectacle at once imposing and whimsical. The Guébéan prince was accompanied by his brothers and sons, to the number of eight; all, like himself, of good mien, and remarkable for their intelligence. They remained on board until the moment of the corvette's departure; they gave, as presents to M. de Freycinet, various curiosities of their country, and, among others, hats made of straw and isinglass (talc,) worked with admirable art.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## Original Communications.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

### EAVES DROPPING.

'What impudence!—not so, since, every day, His *Ludship* asks,—and who are *you* sir, pray?'

It is an old and common saying, 'that listeners hear no good of themselves,' but this is founded in error; since we are told that Shakespeare and Ben Jonson used to listen, and smile at the good things which escaped through the key-hole of the green-room, and which spread, with much poetical fancy, round the smoky tavern. Who are *you*? is a very polite question at the theatre in the present day; and, while the card of address is hustled out



of its case, the natural and home-striking reply is, 'Sir, I am a gentleman.' As such then I presume to be, and I flatter myself (and self flattery is sweet surely) I am out of the reach of that vulgar trinity,—'without wit, money, or manners;' for I cannot be void of wit when I laugh at my own jokes; I cannot be poor, since I invite myself to every friend's well-garnished table; nor can I want the customary catalogue of manners, while I am an automaton of flattery and an expert chess player in the abstract game of 'Pleasing made Easy.' Galen, Hippocrates, and other ancient sages, used the personal pronoun, now and then, in their venerable tomes, but modern orators and writers scorn the erudite ornaments of egotism; hence, it would be unbecoming in me to talk of myself. But, having over-heard some ladies at a tea-party, the other evening, to whom, it must appear, I am no stranger, I will give a sketch of myself.

'Yes,' continued Mrs. Retail, in affirmation of Miss Detail, 'I do verily believe Hog's-flesh is the ugliest man in the world; for my part, I like a well-looking *young* man.' 'That's generally the case with short ladies,' replied Mrs. Mimpit, 'no personal allusions, I beg, Mem.' 'Hog's-flesh, I think, has an odd foot?' 'Oh yes!—'is pockfretten;—has lost his front teeth?' 'So they say; but, as I never saw him laugh, I cannot be positive.' 'He is as bald as a tea-cup, and resembles it too, for he has neither shape nor height, and his temper is as crooked as his person.' 'Exactly so, but you know a tea-cup contains many good things.' 'I know it, I know it, Miss Catchup; I suppose Jessamy Hog's-flesh is a favourite of your's.' 'Not he, indeed, Mem; but I should like a husband with *two* eyes in his head; a lord of the creation, satanified as he is,—poor creature! it is his misfortune to be sure, and it is a pity *some* one does not receive his addresses; for he has a *little* understanding.' 'Like a grain of mustard-seed, scarcely perceptible.' 'He is a strange compound, as we sometimes say of tea: now a book-worm; now a jockey; now an amateur spouter; now a street-lounger and now the loquacious opinionist of the circulating library.' 'But you must allow him to be very engaging in his manners!—I fancy he has a snug little property!' 'Oh aye, to be sure he has.' 'Well, I always thought him a very sensible man; and he has so much small talk, and he has been to

Paris, and seen the Louvre and what not!' 'None the better for that Miss.' 'Dear me, Madam! I like travellers, they tell one so many astonishing things.' 'You know a great deal about him, Miss, I hear;—'tis as I suspected: well, every one to her liking; and you will have a comfortable settlement, no doubt; for, if you are to his taste, he'll spare no expense.'

Here the bell rang, and Betty entering with the tea-urn and an additional complement of muffins, I was disturbed from my post, and abruptly necessitated to leave the moral for personal application.      ? , ? , ? .

## The Family Trunk,

No. II.

BY MOSES VON MUCKLEWIT, GENT.

### TRUNKS—THE GOUT—WIGS AND BEARDS.

IT was my intention, in this my second lucubration, to present my readers, for their amusement and edification, with a full and erudite history of trunks, from the earliest records relating to that very useful piece of family furniture, down to the last new-invented patent trunks, to be had in such abundance in St. Paul's Church Yard and other parts of this metropolis. For this laudable purpose, I had, with infinite labour and much deep and patient research, investigated the whole subject, both in its general and specific varieties, beginning with the famous trunk of Pandora, commonly called Pandora's box,—and which, I doubt not, must have been a trunk of considerable size to be the depository, as it was, of all our sublunary evils and maladies. From this remote instance I had waded through an incredible mass, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane, until I arrived at what I consider the age of *Truncomania* in the history of English literature, when Chatterton and Ireland brought forth, from their celebrated trunks, the pretended relics of Rowley and Shakespeare; though I ought, by the way, to admit, that the last-mentioned trunk-finder fell infinitely below his Bristol rival in the merit of his discovery. All this I had done, examining, moreover, with due diligence, the various properties and functions of trunks, of all denominations, from the most minute pill-box imaginable, up to the most ponderous baggage chest that had ever been manufactured, when it suddenly occurred to me, that it might be more agreeable to

my readers to see some of the contents of our FAMILY TRUNK than any of my own speculations, however ingenious or sublime they might be, on all the trunks in the universe. I shall, accordingly, devote this paper to one or two specimens of my father's most curious and out-of-the-way reading, of which he left several bundles, under the title of *Collectanea*, affixing thereto the various epithets of *curiosa*, *erudita*, *rara*, *notabilia*, &c., according to his judgment of their respective contents. But the reader must ever hold it in remembrance, that he is by no means bound to follow my father's opinion in these matters, which was often more whimsical and capricious than perhaps became a person of his profound and varied erudition.

I have observed in my former paper, that my father had been long and dolefully afflicted with that most doleful of distempers, the gout; and, in the course of his tedious struggle, and during the intervals that his paroxysms allowed him, he had travelled through an immense body of lore on this painful subject. He had consulted almost all the German and Dutch doctors who had treated of this malady, without being a whit the better for it, notwithstanding he had used all the remedies, both external and internal, and however opposite their nature, which those sages had prescribed,—living, at one time, on water, at another on wine, feeding to-day, with Fabricius, on radishes and leeks, and to-morrow feasting, like another Heliogabalus, on soups and ragouts. And, with respect to physical remedies, there were none to which he did not occasionally resort:—emetics, aperients, astringents, diuretics with sedatives and alteratives of all sorts, and phlebotomizing, in all its varieties, were, in their turn, tried and condemned. In a word, there was no diversity of diet or regimen with which my father did not afflict himself, till finding, as might naturally have been anticipated, that this experimental mode of living ended in no practical good, he came, at length, to the resolution of being his own doctor. With this view, he formed certain rules and regulations for his conduct in this particular, and to which he adhered with the most rigorous punctuality for the rest of his life. These rules he afterwards resolved to enlarge into a regular disquisition, under the following title:—'A treatise on the gout, containing an easy and infallible mode of curing that afflictive disorder, as exemplified in the experience



of the author himself: and he was actually on the point of committing his work to the press, when, in spite of his 'easy and infallible mode of cure,' he was compelled to give up the field to his old adversary, who set at nought all the cataplasms, blisters, and clysters, which my father could bring against him, and which were latterly become the weapons he most commonly used in this unequal contest.

I have thought it proper to notice, somewhat circumstantially, this work of my father's, not only because it was the last of any importance, in which he was occupied, but since it was in the course of his laborious researches on this occasion, that he collected several anecdotes of the gout, which are treasured up among the *Collectanea*, already alluded to, and of which the two following are here transcribed in my father's own words.

'M. Riedlin, a learned doctor of Ulm, narrateth, in his laborious collection of cases, relating to the *Praxis Medica*, that a certain *valet de chambre* having received many clothes from his master, who was of a very gouty habit, wore some of them, whereupon he was instantly seized with the gout; and, though he immediately pulled them off, the gout remained, and he was more violently tormented therewith than his master. This anecdote,' adds my father, 'ought to be publicly read by the common crier, once every week at least, in the purlieus of Monmouth Street and Saffron Hill.'

'The same author relates, that a Turkish physician, having been formerly taken prisoner by the imperial troops, was brought to the Emperor, who asked him if the gout was known in Turkey as well as in Germany? To this the physician answered, that many were afflicted with it, but were wont to cure it in the following manner. They make scarifications on the part affected, and then they take the blood that comes out, and put it in an egg-shell, which they stop very close, and set it under a hen. It is afterwards thrown to a hungry dog, who, after swallowing it, contracts the disease; and the patient, from that moment, experiences the desired relief. This M. Riedlin calls a cure by sympathy.'

Among the numerous topics, to which my father was attached in his studies, there was none on which he dwelt with more satisfaction than the different customs of the world concerning beards and wigs, and the various revolutions that have taken place, from

time to time, in the cut, shape, and other particulars of these grave appendages. And nothing puzzled him more in his ruminations on this important point than the question, whether wigs were worn or not by the ancients. Of the venerable antiquity of beards he could have no doubt; but his scepticism with respect to wigs was, for a long time, evident, until good fortune threw in his way the celebrated work of M. Dutens, entitled '*Origine des Decouverts, &c.*' in which the learned writer proves, most satisfactorily, from Suetonius, Polybius, Horace, Ovid, Xenophon, and Herodian, that wigs were, in fact and *bonâ fide*, worn by the ancients. But of all the works my father had stumbled upon in this inquiry, the elaborate treatise of M. Thiers, entitled '*Histoire des Peruques*,' gave him the highest gratification, notwithstanding that the author differs in opinion from M. Dutens as to the antiquity of wigs. Often have I seen my father chuckle over this work with as much transport as a Spaniard is known to do in his first perusal of Don Quixote. The following summary of the opinions of M. Thiers, both with respect to wigs and beards, as preserved by my father in his *Collectanea*, shall, for the present, conclude my selections from our FAMILY TRUNK.

'The History of Periwigs is one of the most curious books published by M. Thiers. He designed it against those ecclesiastics, who are not content to wear their own hair. The year 1629, he says, is the epoch of periwigs in France: no clergyman wore a perwig before 1660, and there are no instances in antiquity. The Cardinal de Richelieu was the first who wore a *calor*: and the bishop of Evreux, having prefixed to the life of St. Francis de Sales, which he presented to Pope Alexander VIII., a portrait, wherein the saint appeared with a leather cap on, the Pope made considerable difficulty in accepting the book, attended with such an irregularity. M. Thiers exclaims against those ecclesiastics who powder their periwigs, and wear them of a different colour from their own hair. As for what concerns their beard and their band, he says no ecclesiastic wore a band before the middle of the last century. There have been many variations about their beards: sometimes shaving was looked upon as a great effeminacy, and a long beard as particularly suitable with sacerdotal gravity, while, at other times, a venerable beard was accounted a piece of

pride and stateliness. When Cardinal D'Angennes went to take possession of his bishopric of Mans, in 1556, he was obliged to have an express order from the king to be admitted with his long beard, which he could not resolve to cut. M. Thiers acknowledges these variations about the beard; but he maintains that the discipline, as to periwigs, has always been constant and uniform, wherefore he concludes by praying the Pope and the King to suppress the innovation, that had then\* taken place in this respect.'

#### THE WISDOM OF CATWG †.

##### A MAN'S CHOICE THINGS.

This was addressed by Catwg the Wise to his father Gwynlliw Vilwr, the son of Glywis, the son of Tegid, the son of Cadell Deyrallwg.

His house free from wet.—His farm compact.—His land pleasant.—His bed soft.—His wife chaste.—His food wholesome.—His drink small and brisk.—His fire bright.—His clothes comfortable.—His neighbourhood peaceful.—His servant diligent.—His maid handy.—His son sincere.—His daughter accomplished.—His friend faithful.—His companion without deceit.—His horse gentle.—His hound swift.—His hawk full of avidity.—His oxen strong.—His cows of one colour.—His sheep of kindly breed.—His swine long.—His household moral.—His home orderly.—His bard learned.—His harper fine of feeling.—His mill near.—His church far.—His lord powerful.—His king just.—His spiritual father discreet.—And his God merciful.

##### THE EXCELLENCIES OF A MANLY CHARACTER.

*Truisms delivered by Catwg to Taliesin.*

1. To be wise in his dispute:
2. To be a lamb in his chamber:
3. To be brave in battle and conflict:
4. To be a peacock in the street:
5. To be a bard in his chair:
6. To be a teacher in his household:
7. To be a council in his nation:
8. To be an arbitrator in his vicinity:
9. To be a hermit in his church:
10. To be a legislator in his country:
11. To be conscientious in his action:
12. To be happy in his life:

\* About the year 1690.

† From No. XVI of the *Cambro-Briton*, a periodical work devoted to the History, Antiquities, and Literature of Wales.



13. To be diligent in his farm :
14. To be just in his dealing :
15. That whatever he doeth be to the will of God.

## ANSWER OF CATWG TO TALIESIN.

I should be glad to know more than I do concerning thee: tell me what sort of a man thou art, said Taliesin to Catwg. In reply to him Catwg said—Thou oughtest to know better concerning me than I myself; for thou hearest as to me behind my back what never came to my ear, and to the country it belongs to judge; and it is not I, nor is it any one else, that knows the whole truth about himself.

## Original Poetry.

## PHILOSOPHICAL MILKMEN.

THAT milkmen are philosophers 'tis true;  
They keep celestial elements in view;  
And, howsoever their fellow-men complain  
Of dismal prospects and incessant rain,  
Their scene 's transform'd to *sky-blue* twice  
a-day,—  
They get their living by the *milky-way*.

J. R. P.

## THE BIRTH DAY.

(FEBRUARY 4TH, 1821.)

AGAIN the sun rises  
With bliss and delight;  
And the day-cloud surprizes  
The shadows of night.  
The feeling of sadness,  
Which pained yesterday,  
Has melted in gladness  
And vanished away;

And my soul has arisen its sorrows above,  
To greet the bright day that gave birth to my love.

Again my eye sparkles  
With pleasure and peace;  
And the sorrow that darkles  
Is bidden to cease.  
For that day shall never  
Be viewed with a tear,  
But, for ever and ever,  
Be sacred and dear;

And my prayer shall be offered to heaven above  
To hallow the day that gave birth to my love.

For why should I sorrow,  
Or my spirit sleep?  
There is time on the morrow  
To languish and weep;  
Without striving to sully,  
With anguish, a day  
Whose admirers are wholly  
The generous and gay;

Then, no sigh of sorrow shall seem to reprove  
With its sadness, the day that gave birth to my love.

Oh, no! may its brightness  
Be ever divine,  
And its heavenly lightness,  
My Emma, be thine;  
May its sunshine, when beaming,  
Be emblem of thee,  
When thy bosom is teeming  
With fondness for me:

And those visions, where fancy delighted to rove,  
Be fulfilled on the day that gave birth to my love.

And may every blessing,  
Lov'd Emma, be thine,  
When (caress'd and caressing,  
By heaven made mine;)   
Fled afar then the sorrow  
Which hover'd o'er me,  
And my fond soul can borrow  
Its pleasures of thee;

When the bright beam of heaven, dispensed  
from above,  
Shall make sacred the day that gave birth to my love!  
J. D. NEWMAN.

## THE BUTTERFLY AND VENUS FLOWER.

(A FABLE.)

THE Venus-Flower 's so very curious,  
That when her attributes you mention,  
Some people deem the statement spurious,  
And all you utter wild invention.  
Sceptics, I heartily dislike,  
Who never deign to look about them,  
To see those things which others strike,  
And yet, when represented, doubt them.  
Let such doubt on:—the Venus-flow'r  
Possesses this peculiar skill,  
To shield her style from sun or show'r,  
She opes and shuts her valves at will.  
Hence, when within her honey'd cup  
The furtive bee prepares to dive,  
Her velvet portals closing up,  
Buries the little thief alive.

One softly silent afternoon,—  
The month I cannot quite remember:  
'Twas March or April—May or June—  
July or August—or September;  
The swelling buds began to sever,  
Exhibiting such various tinges  
As few can paint—tho' I endeavour,—  
Each vallanc'd round with argent fringes.  
'What elegance,' the flow'r exclaim'd,  
'Sits on these frost-besprinkl'd petals;'  
And instantly the lady nam'd,  
With much contempt, the best of metals.  
'The purple that pervades my flos  
Rivals the dove's emblazon'd neck;  
These stamina, how rich their gloss!  
And this corona—a *la grecque*!  
A butterfly, that near her hover'd,  
Hearing this boast of crowns and glosses,  
At once her finest blossom cover'd,  
And darted in his thin proboscis:  
'My dearest friend'—and then he sipp'd,—  
'How is your health?—Inauseate fawning.  
And once again his trunk he slipp'd  
Beneath the rich, embroider'd awning:  
'The sun, methinks,' (another draught)  
'Is growing (charming liquid) paler.'  
But now the flower perceiv'd his craft,  
And thus assail'd the rude assailer:—  
'Begone—I say, this instant hence,  
Ere disposess'd of power to go;  
Thy death ensues the next offence,  
Thou summer friend and flatt'ring foe;  
Thyself, and thy deceitful tribe,  
I hold in hatred, mix'd with scorn,  
Who kindness for the rich imbibe,  
But shun the naked and forlorn.  
When August shakes his orient tresses,  
About my bloom you sport and bask;  
But when that bloom the frost depresses,  
Where lurks your lordship, then, I ask?  
Thy love is but the love of self,—  
Once more I say the poor you shun:  
Begone! incorrigible elf,  
Away! before you are undone.

This is a never failing rule,  
Wherever we perceive a knave;  
There, too, we recognize a fool,—  
A fool that counsel cannot save.  
The butterfly his former course  
Pursuing still, with plastic trunk,  
The valves disjoin'd, with sudden force,  
And in the struggl'ing victim sunk.

## APPLICATION.

I cannot say I much commend  
Marilla's manners, or her heart:  
She ne'er will prove a faithful friend,  
Who only likes the gay and smart.  
As a dull atmosphere depresses  
Quicksilver, and a fire elates;  
Exactly so, as peoples' dresses  
Are rich or plain, she loves or hates.  
At home they style her Miss Cameleon:  
She plays with folks or picks a quarrel,  
Just as they shine in white cornelian  
Or simply glow in modest coral.  
Two topazes her ears bedeck,  
Flamingly yellow and dependent;  
Large beads of amber grace her neck,  
With something ruddy and resplendent—  
Something!—a heart—and most suspect  
The only heart the nymph possesses;  
But poets ne'er ascribe defect  
On idle jokes and wanton guesses.  
Comes any one to see her mother,—  
Before the maid the name announces,  
She runs to one door, then another,  
To get a peep and count her flounces.  
The other day—(her parent out)  
An old man to the dwelling came;  
Sixty he seem'd, or there about,  
And of his right leg rather lame:  
Marilla looked disdain—and danc'd  
Athwart him, with a haughty air;  
Her younger sister, Suke, advanc'd,  
And gently offer'd him a chair.  
Susan her name—they called her Suke,  
Because, at home, no mighty favourite;  
But still she bore with the rebuke,  
And kindness felt for those who gave her it.  
The stranger told a simple story:  
He had been wounded in the wars,  
And brushing back his ringlets hoary,  
Show'd on his brow a brace of scars;  
He pointed to his useless leg,  
And own'd such woes were accidental—  
They griev'd him not; but thus to beg  
Was both an outward ill and mental.  
Marilla tender'd him a shilling,  
But made him from the bounty shrink,  
Exclaiming, with an aspect killing,  
'Begone! and spend it all in drink.'  
Poor Susan grop'd about her pocket,  
With fingers charitably nimble,  
Produc'd a hussif—then a locket,—  
Some sealing-wax,—and next a thimble.  
Benevolent pursuit, but vain!  
She could not find a single groat,  
So, after feeling thrice, was fain  
To stand absorb'd in mournful thought;  
Graver her features grew, and graver,—  
At last the locket—precious trinket—  
Occurr'd, from further grief to save her,—  
And that she offer'd—who would think it?  
And yet to spare what we despise,  
Is not donation, but denial;  
To give, is granting things we prize,—  
True charity infers a trial.  
The old man, snatching, kiss'd the boon,  
And then—as seiz'd with sudden dotage,  
Begg'd them to come that afternoon,  
To see, if not himself, his cottage:



'It rises in the valley yonder,  
 And is, tho' unembellish'd, seemly.  
 Come, my sweet ladies, do not ponder,  
 Methinks you'll like the spot extremely.'—  
 'I visit you,' Marilla said,  
 'The crazy wretch begins to rave.'  
 Good temper'd Susan bent her head,  
 And her consent by silence gave.  
 The morning went—the evening came,  
 And Susan, tho' her sister rallied,  
 Wrapp'd in her cloak her taper frame,  
 Tied on her hat, and forward sallied.  
 The clouds were grey, the air was chill,  
 But there were signs of infant spring:  
 The primrose peep'd, and daffodil,—  
 The building chaffinch paus'd to sing,—  
 The gale came scented from the glen;  
 She knew the violet's respiration,  
 But tho' she look'd around her then,  
 Nature conceal'd its private station.  
 Proud man for little things cares nothing,  
 But nature cares so very much,  
 She clads them in her chastest cloathing,  
 And tinges with her nicest touch.  
 Unlike your common-place adorners,  
 The goddess chooses to embellish  
 Those unfrequented holes and corners  
 Which tasteful tempers only cherish.  
 Susan, aware of nature's arts,  
 Abandoning the open way  
 To those less known sequester'd parts,  
 Would often unattended stray.  
 She lov'd to watch the browsing deer,  
 Their sides with spots of velvet sprinkl'd;  
 To view the simple sheep, and hear  
 The bells that on the wethers tinkled;  
 Along the Bowme's untrodden banks,  
 Her thoughtful course pursued the maid,—  
 Where Flora plays her earliest pranks,  
 With herbs that bloom and shrubs that fade.  
 She knew each flow'rets bud and leaf,  
 Whilst various notes of various birds  
 Enhanc'd her bliss or sooth'd her grief—  
 A poetess in all but words.  
 But lo! she reach'd the valley's centre,  
 And her amazement, who can tell,  
 On finding that she had to enter  
 A house in which a duke might dwell;  
 She turn'd to flee, but when the porter  
 Said that his lord her coming waited,  
 Shorter she drew her breath, and shorter,  
 Nor could have fled as meditated:  
 With humble bows and courteous airs,  
 He led her thro' a wide saloon,—  
 Whilst she, pursuing, said her prayers,  
 And mourn'd that luckless afternoon.  
 She smil'd indeed, but smil'd in pain,  
 Quick follow'd by distressful tears,—  
 Just as the day concludes in rain,  
 When morning over bright appears:  
 At once the parlour doors unfold,  
 When, wonder-struck, her blue eyes greet  
 The beggar—now no longer old,  
 But young and gay, and at her feet;  
 Around his neck a golden chain  
 Hung loose, his splendid dress adorning,  
 And on his breast she saw again,  
 The granted locket of the morning.  
 'Forgive my stratagem,' he cried,  
 'With kisses she forgot to parry,—  
 'Susan shall be Lorenzo's bride,  
 Or never will Lorenzo marry.'  
 When poor Marilla heard the tale,  
 No poet can describe her feelings;  
 At length she own'd that folks might fail  
 Who judg'd of apples by their peelings.

J. B.

## Fine Arts.

### BRITISH GALLERY.—No. I.

'Quid vetat et nosmet.'—HORACE.

AMID the homage which is so universally and so deservedly lavished upon the old masters, those colossi of the arts; amid the admiration which, as it were, encrusts the sculptured remains of ancient and even of modern times, as far as they do not approximate to our own days; amid the eulogiums which have been passed upon the excellencies of foreign artists in the present age;—though in all these we ourselves participate, we are not sorry to witness the increasing encouragement which now begins to be given to native merits,—a spirit that the institution which is the subject of the present remarks has had no small share in promoting, in hurling the bolts of reason, not for the purpose of withering those bays, which shed their never-fading green around the temples of antiquity, but of blasting that icy hand of prejudice, which would thrust the wreath from the brows of those among our own countrymen, who would boldly climb the rugged steep of Fame to hail the immortal star which beams above its summit. That these labours have not been in vain, that this encouragement has not been without a cherishing influence, the splendid exhibition which now graces the gallery of this institution will abundantly testify; the loftiness of genius, the strength of talent, and the finish of execution, have here contributed to raise and to embellish an honourable monument to the judgment, taste, and liberality which has still continued to mark the proceedings of this body, under whose auspices the present institution has attained such wide and beneficial influence. Of the liberality which prompted these endeavours, the undertaking itself bears ample testimony; of the two former qualities, the rich and splendid assemblage of talent, now submitted to the public, will not warrant any denial. All those whose works form this year's exhibition at the British Gallery, are native artists of the present time: very many are geniusses, who have risen into notice within these few years; and who, by their abilities, have arrested the attention, and kindled the expectations of the public. Having already extended our remarks on the general nature of the exhibition to so great a length, we shall terminate the present paper with

a few observations on the specimens of sculpture, of which a very small number have been admitted into the gallery.—'Mercy,' No. 306, by H. W. Peck, though pleasing in the details, is, nevertheless, devoid of that impassioned energy which is demanded by the lines of Collins, which it is intended to illustrate; the figure of Mercy particularly wants that winning grace and easy passion which ought to invest the poet's lovely personification. Instead of the light and airy beauty which ought to adorn the embodied form of an abstract quality, the artist has presented us with a figure which might, with more propriety, be mistaken, by the stiffness of its attitude, and the ungracefulness of its form, for that of a Dutch woman hardened into stone, by the sudden application of the Gorgonian Ægis.—We were pleased to recognize, in No. 308, an old friend, 'Jacob wrestling with the Angel,' by Joseph Gott, which our readers may remember, obtained the gold medal of the Academy, in 1819. We cannot say we found our admiration decrease from a second view of this charming piece; and we much doubt if we do not feel a growing affection, the more we contemplate the delightful simplicity, the exquisite anatomical knowledge, and the almost breathing attitudes which characterize this pleasing performance.—To the 'Young Bacchante,' of the same artist, No. 309, we are sorry we cannot award the same unqualified approbation; it is spiritless and ungraceful, and does not at all approximate to that beau ideal, which, after all, must form the basis of all excellence in sculpture; indeed, Mr. Gott, in the present instance, seems to have chosen a model, which is as far removed as possible from that unalloyed loveliness which pervades the remnants of ancient art. 'Theseus rescuing Hippolita from Eurytus,' by J. E. Hinchcliffe, No. 318, is a performance which unites great power of genius with much of that elegance of taste and freedom of execution which must always characterize the perfect sculptor. W. Scoular's 'Satan contemplating the Fall of Man,' No. 310, and the 'Death of Virginia,' No. 315, are two performances, both highly creditable to the genius which conceived, and to the talent which has embodied those conceptions. The former particularly breathes the soul of Milton's soul-stirring poetry; we trace, in the clenched hand and the up-cast look of agony, the strife of conflicting pas-



sions, we see, in the agitated lines of the countenance, those surging waves of bitter recollection, soon about to sink only into the ferocious calm of desperation. 'The Combat between Michael and Satan,' No. 313, executed in alto relievo, by C. Moore, is a work of considerable merit. The grin of the baffled archangel, expressive at once of malignity as well as agony, and the hand clenching the edge of its shield cast to the earth, are finely imagined; indeed, the whole piece is replete with energy and animation, as well in the execution as in the design; we must, however, object to the too forcible expression of fury with which the features of the Archangel Michael have been distorted; the artist should have recollected the words of the poet on another occasion,—

'Thus, while he spoke, and passion dimm'd his face,

Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair,  
Which marred his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld—

For heavenly minds from such distempers foul  
Are ever clear.' W. H. PARRY.

### The Drama.

It is with much pleasure we announce to our readers, that since our last, the two winter theatres have been honoured with visits from the King. On Tuesday night, his Majesty, accompanied by the Dukes of York and Clarence, went to Drury Lane Theatre, to witness the opera of *Artaxerxes* and the farce of *Who's who*, with both of which he appeared highly delighted. On Wednesday night, his Majesty visited Covent Garden Theatre, when *Twelfth Night* and the new pantomime were performed. On both occasions, the theatres were crowded to excess long before the commencement of the performance, and thousands, unable to get in, filled all the minor theatres in the neighbourhood. Such was the anxiety to get admittance, that the avenues leading to the entrance doors of the theatres were crowded by three o'clock in the afternoon. The boxes were fitted up in the same manner as when his late Majesty used to visit the theatres. His Majesty was received at both houses with the most ardent and enthusiastic cheers. God save the King and Rule Britannia were loudly called for, and readily sung by the vocal strength of the respective companies: and his Majesty had a good opportunity of witnessing that unshaken loyalty and attachment which the people of England feel for their sovereign,

and the respect which they show even at a time when the rancour of party is most violent.

**DRURY LANE.**—On Saturday night, a new melo-drama in three acts was produced at this theatre, entitled '*Therese, the Orphan of Geneva*.' It is avowedly from the French, and 'is now performing on the continent with the most extraordinary success.' It has not suffered in being transplanted to the British soil, since the play-bills (those oracles of truth and modesty), assure us that no 'piece, however successful, was ever received with such extraordinary applause,' and that 'it is the most successful piece ever produced!' Whether this may be the case or not, we know not, but if a tale of the most powerful interest, with all the advantages which good acting can give to is calculated to ensure success, then must the drama of *Therese* be successful. We give a sketch of the story, which, however, affords but a feeble idea of the merits of the piece:—

*Therese* (Miss Kelly) is of a noble family of Geneva, but her mother having allied herself to one of inferior rank, conceals her marriage, and *Therese*, her daughter, is brought up in the family as an orphan, whom they had taken under their protection. The mother leaves her the whole of her fortune after her death; but other relations accuse her of having forged the will, and she is tried for the crime and condemned. Carwin, an advocate, (Mr. Wallack,) who had been employed to conduct the prosecution, gets possession of the papers, and releases *Therese* from prison, in the hopes that she would marry him, and he thus gets possession of the estates. Her refusal excites his revenge,—*Therese* flies, and gains the protection of the Countess de Morville, (Mrs. Egerton,) whose son, the count, (Mr. Barnard,) falls in love with her, and offers his hand. While preparations are making for the nuptial ceremony, Carwin appears, and failing in persuading *Therese* to go with him, he denounces her to the count and countess as a criminal. The match is broken off, and the poor orphan turned out. She finds a friend in the pastor Fontaine, (Mr. Cooper,) who offers her an asylum in his house. When on her way thither, she is driven by a storm to seek shelter with a farmer Lavigne (Knight). When she has retired to rest, Carwin, who had watched her steps, again appears, and assuming the voice of Fontaine, induces her to quit her room. He attempts to stab her, but her shrieks bring the assistance of Lavigne, and he escapes. In the mean time, the countess and her son come to the farm, and the apartment of *Therese* is assigned to the former. Carwin returns, gets into the apartment, and kills the countess, under the supposition that it was *Therese*.

The building is set on fire. *Therese* hastens to the apartment,—discovers the murdered countess,—takes the bloody knife from her side, and in agony exclaims, 'It is I that have done it!' Circumstances appear strong against her, and she is accused of the murder; but Fontaine, who is still her friend, learns from her artless story the clue to detect the murderer. Carwin is taken in the forest; he audaciously denies his guilt, but still supposes that it is *Therese* who has fallen. He is dared to that ordeal of a superstitious age—touching the dead body. He hesitates, but at length agrees to it—folding doors open and discover *Therese* holding in her hand the knife with which he had committed the murder. Struck with horror and remorse, Carwin confesses his crime,—gives up the papers, which restore the orphan of Geneva to rank and fortune, and then dies.

Much as we have admired Miss Kelly on many occasions, we never saw her to such advantage. The tears that suffused many a cheek in more scenes than one, testified the power her acting had on the feelings of the audience. It was not acting—no one thought he saw Miss Kelly, but the wretched persecuted orphan of Geneva. Wallack gave great effect to the character of the villain Carwin, particularly in his interviews with *Therese*, and in the last scene, where he is accused of the murder. The good pastor, Fontaine, was very well sustained by Mr. Cooper, who deservedly received much applause. Knight had a comic part, with a touch of sentiment in it;—we need not say more, as every one who has seen this excellent actor, knows how much he can make of such a character. The other characters were well cast, and the drama was completely successful.

**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**—The *Soirées Amusantes* still continue attractive. A new imitative piece, entitled the *Green Room*, has been produced, in which Mr. J. Knight gives (off the stage) some whimsical imitations of gentlemen very well known on it, particularly the managers of the winter theatres. The piece is amusing.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—A new historical melodrama, entitled *Elizabeth and Essex, or the days of Queen Bess*, was produced at this theatre on Monday last. It is adapted from Henry Jones's\*

\* This author was a bricklayer whom Lord Chesterfield patronised, long after his profligacy had made him unworthy of all assistance. At last he borrowed eight guineas of his lordship's servant, and never ventured to revisit the house. His tragedy of the Earl of Essex procured him a footing in the theatre, which enabled him to levy contributions upon the players by writing puffs and praising them in verse. His poetry was also of use to him in the spung-



tragedy of the Earl of Essex, and details the eventful history of that distinguished favourite. The character of the maiden Queen was admirably performed by Miss Taylor, who gave a powerful delineation of the love, jealousy, and revenge, which alternately wrung the soul of Elizabeth. Huntley gave great effect to the part of Essex, but was rather too haughty in his interviews with his royal mistress. Miss Poole played the treacherous Countess of Nottingham very well, but Mrs. Young made sad work of the Countess of Rutland: she must not attempt any thing serious. The laughable burletta of *Peggy Larkins* followed, in which Wyatt revels to such ludicrous advantage, and Miss Copeland and Fitzwilliam keep the audience in continued good-humour. *George Barnwell* concluded the evening: the characters of the love-stricken youth and the wily and abandoned Milwood, could scarcely have been in better hands than those of Huntley and Miss Taylor. The house was crowded in every part.

### The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

In the year 1724, upon the death of Innocent XIII. the following satirical distinction was made between the candidates for the papal throne:—

Il cielo vuol	Orsini,
Il popolo	Corsini,
Le donne	Ottoboni,
Il diavolo	Alberoni.
Heaven is for	Orsini,
The people for	Corsini,
The ladies for	Ottoboni,
The devil for	Alberoni. J. R. P.

ing-house, where he was a frequent guest; and he generally contrived to make the wife or daughter of the bailiff his friend, by praising her in rhyme. He used to boast that he had thus prevailed upon a bailiff's daughter to let him escape, and that, another time, he had actually borrowed two guineas of the bailiff who had him in custody for a debt of ten pounds. His talents, if they could not preserve him from distress, assisted him in it. He wrote petitions for his fellow prisoners, assisted at the tap, and was sometimes trusted to keep the inner door.

After having been drunk for two days, he was found on the night of the third crushed by a waggon, in St. Martin's Lane, without his hat or coat; he was carried to the parish workhouse, and there terminated a disgraceful life, in the year 1770.

The Earl of Essex is his best known performance; he left a tragedy upon the story of Harold, which is lost, and a fragment of another, called *The Cave Idra*, which was finished and brought forth by Paul Hifferman. His papers fell into the hands of Reddish, who volunteered as executor, but Reddish was at first negligent, and afterwards deranged, and they never were produced.

When General Pichegru entered Maestricht, during the early period of the French revolution, he experienced some difficulty in obtaining quarters for his troops. A merchant, who considered himself very patriotic, called on him, and gave him a list of *Orangists* who had soldiers quartered on them, though not in sufficient numbers, in the opinion of this demagogue, who wished that the Aristocrats should have their houses filled with troops from the cellar to the garret. 'I am obliged to you for this information,' said Pichegru; 'and have they sent you any soldiers, citizen?' 'Yes, General.' 'How many?' 'Four.' 'That will do.' The merchant had no sooner returned home than forty more soldiers arrived, and took possession of his house. He hastened back to the general, to inform him that some mistake had taken place. 'Oh no,' said Pichegru, 'I only removed my men from those vile *Orangists*, who, I knew, would ill-treat them, to place them in the house of a patriot like you, where I am sure they will be received hospitably.'

*Cherry Feast.*—There is a feast celebrated at Hamburg, called the 'Feast of Cherries,' in which troops of children parade the streets with green boughs, ornamented with cherries, to commemorate the following event:—In 1432, the Hussites threatened the city of Hamburg with immediate destruction, when one of the citizens, named Wolf, proposed that all the children of the city, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as supplicants to the enemy. Procopius Nasus, chief of the Hussites, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young supplicants, regaled them with cherries and other fruits, and promised them to spare the city. The children returned, crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and crying, 'victory.'

*Singular Marriage.*—In the year 1799, there was married, at Wells, Mary Evans, a lady born without arms, (but who enjoys the use of her toes so as to be able to cut out watch-papers, and work at her needle, with singular facility; and who for many years has attended the principal provincial fairs as a show, and thereby acquired a fortune of nearly 800l.) to the driver of her caravan, a young man named Simpson, whom time had made familiar to her deformity. Some difficulty arose as to the manner of disposing of the ring, which part of the ceremony was at length omitted.

### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

L. on 'Epitaphs,' 'Fashionable Misses,' and the Letter on a new Translation of the Bible, in our next.

The communications of D., E. G. B., and Fitzhenry, have been received.

J. F. A.'s Acrostical Valentine would no doubt be acceptable to the fair lady, if transmitted by the post, instead of meeting her eye in the pages of the *Literary Chronicle*.

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